

## FINAL DAY OF THE COUNTY INSTITUTE

ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL OF THE TEACHER MEETINGS EVER HELD IN CITY CLOSES

The teachers institute ends today and everyone is congratulating the County Superintendent, Frank Wallace on having provided one of the best programs ever given in this county.

All the lectures were interesting and Masters of their subjects, and the teachers feel well repaid for attending.

A very unique feature of the Thursday program was the illustration of the place of the victrola in the teaching of school music by Miss Herr of Brazil. Miss Herr showed the instrument in teaching appreciation and also in various tests and lessons. She continued the work on Friday.

**COATESVILLE PICNIC TO BE HELD TOMORROW**

The first Coatesville Picnic will be held tomorrow and a great time is promised to all who attend the affair. The regular standby picnic entertainments will be there, along with lots of ping "lemonade" and other trimmings. Everyone is invited to come and enjoy the day.

## HAS GREENCASTLE A CUT OUT LAW

A short time ago the mayor and the marshal announced an open warfare upon all automobiles and trucks running with the cut out open. However they seem to have made an exception of the trucks hauling cement from the local plant. At all hours of the day and most of the night trucks run through Greencastle, pass the Marshal's headquarters and continue up Washington street with the cut out open. The citizen's of Greencastle, and those who reside on Washington street are indignant, but the drivers of these trucks seem to be favored ones. Anyway no action has been taken to prevent this general annoyance.

## PROF. J. A. CLEMENT GOES TO NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

Prof. J. A. Clement who has been head of the department of Education and Psychology at DePauw University for several years has resigned his position and will go to Evanston, Illinois where he has accepted a position as head of the Department of Secondary Education at Northwestern University. Prof. Clement has been teaching in the University of Washington at Seattle this summer. He will come to Greencastle in about two weeks to make arrangements for the removing of his household goods and family to Evanston. Prof. Clement was teaching in Evanston at the time he came to Greencastle. During their residence in this city Prof. Clement and family have made many friends who will regret to have them leave Greencastle.

## DEPAUW UNIVERSITY TO BE OVERFLOWING THIS FALL

All indications are that DePauw will have the largest attendance in its history this fall. The halls of residence for women together with the Campus Cottage and the leased house at the corner of Locust and Seminary street are filled and applications for entrance are still coming in.

The outlook for boys is equally flattering. The Rector Scholarship Committee reports practically 100 new scholars already selected, with the possibility of taking a few more than the hundred that would under the terms of the gift, come in this year's freshman class. In addition Dr. Blanchard reports that he has an unusually large number of applications from boys. Florence Hall is being refitted and provided with two large sleeping porches to accommodate the incoming freshmen men.

## BEAUTIFUL AUGUST PARTY

Mrs. Virgil Grimes entertained about fifty of her friends among the younger women of Greencastle at a delightful party at her home on east Seminary street last evening. The house was decorated lavishly with cut flowers and Japanese lanterns and with special electric lighting. During the evening a musical program was given by Mr. Hirschberg and Robert Taylor.

## CAP HARNEY OLD CUTIE HE HAS A SURPRISE

ON SATURDAY NOON, HIGH UP IN THE SKIES, HE'LL PUT ON A STUNT, SIR—A RARE SIGHT TO SEE — IT'S SURELY WORTH SEEING JUST TAKE THAT FROM ME

As high as a mountain  
Way up in the air  
On Saturday noon, sir  
Right over the square

Say, is it an airship  
Or just a balloon—  
You sure can find out, sir  
On Saturday noon.

Cap. Harney the wizard  
Has planned a surprise  
For Saturday noon, sir  
Right tip in the skies.

He won't tell the answer  
He's dumb as can be  
So you'll have to come out, sir  
This great sight to see.

And besides this attraction  
All stores I'm told  
Will offer you bargains  
That are good to behold.

So don't miss this chance, sir  
To witness a treat  
And also get bargains  
That rarely are beat.

(Note)— Mr. George R. Harney, manager in charge of the Greencastle Chamber of Commerce, who has a dog named Jack, which dog is noted for its fine judgement in selecting a master, has requested the Herald to publish the above "rotten" verse. It is so rotten that the Herald hesitated but finally, strong pressure having been brought, the editor agreed to publish it with the distinct understanding that credit for writing it should not be reflected on the editor. Mr. Harney will not take credit for writing this verse and although he will not blame it on any specific one, he has intimated that its authorship lies between Andrew Hanna and Dr. T. A. Sigler. Knowing well each of these men, and feeling that it is an injustice to either of them, the Herald refuses to definitely place the blame on either.

Capt. Harney is the authority for the statement that Charley Lloyd, one of Greencastle's former residents who is now residing in New York, but who spends a few weeks each summer in his country home in this county, has informed the city authorities that he will be in Greencastle at noon on Saturday and that he will see the surprise even though it freckles his wisdom teeth and blisters the roof of his mouth. Lloyd is noted for his witty remarks and his clever misuse of the American language.

So far Cap. Harney and his dog (which is in on all of Cap. Harney's affairs) are the only ones who are in on the secret. Cap. won't give out any information at all, and when the matter is mentioned in the presence of the dog, Jack winks one eye and looks wise.

It has been openly charged by some local persons that Harney is trying to put something over in Greencastle that would startle New York. Cap says he is going to put something over alright, all right. But he won't tell what it is. He says, however, that after he has put it over, he will bet a "cookie" that there will be more sore necks in Greencastle than there has been in the last ten years.



## DAY MEN QUIT AFTER FAILURE OF CONFERENCE

## DAY MEN IN NINTY MINES QUIT AND OTHER MINES ARE CLOSED BECAUSE OF LACK OF CARS.

More than 100 mines were closed Indiana today due either to strikes of day men, or to shortage of cars. Ferd Lucas reports that information from the mine in which he is interested shows all the mines on the Eastern Illinois railroad closed by strike, though his mine is still running. The situation is very critical as many utilities have only a short supply of coal on hand. Just what the local situation is cannot be told, but it is believed that comparatively few families are fully supplied for the coming winter. Local dealers do not know what to expect in the coal situation.

## ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED

The announcement of the engagement of the marriage of Miss Mabel Diel, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Diel, to George M. Marcum, the son of Mr. and Mrs. David Marcum of Greencastle, will come as a surprise to many friends. The marriage will take place early in the month of September. The bride elect is a well known young woman and was formerly a saleslady in the Harry Goldberg store. She is a member of the Vogue Club. —Brazil Times.

## ANTIS TO MAKE HARD FIGHT IN TENNESSEE

The various forces opposed to woman's suffrage are making a hard fight today in Tennessee to reconsider the vote by which the resolution granting the vote to women was passed yesterday in the house. Speaker Walker, who changed his vote from no to aye in order to move reconsideration, was claiming enough votes to defeat the measure. If he succeeds in holding his forces in line and the vote is reconsidered women will not get the ballot and will not be able to vote in the presidential election this fall.

Many women are fighting the suffrage movement, and a lobby of good proportions has been recruited from among women outside the state. Cincinnati women have been particularly active.

Speaker Walker must make his motion to consider today or not at all.

Rev. F. O. Fraley will preach in the Filmore Methodist church next Sunday morning. In the evening Miss Ruth Myers will speak. She will tell of her work in connection with the week day school of religion in Gary. There will be special music.

## NEW ARMY SUBJECT

Articles on the following subjects will be published. Watch for them and learn all about the New Army. Keep this list and check up on them, if you lose a copy you will lose valuable information.

1. Learning While Soldering.
2. The Type of Teacher Employed.
3. Working for the Future.
4. Why Civilians are Preferred.
5. The Army's Opportunity.

W. C. Pashaw, Pvt.  
Charge of Station

Mrs. M. E. Davis of Boyd Montana arrived here Wednesday morning for an extended visit with her mother and other relatives north of town. Mrs. Davis was formerly Miss Mattie Ferrand.

Rev. Guy C. McHenry preached at the Nazarene Church in Brazil Thursday evening. Rev. McHenry and family will sail in a few weeks for the East India Islands where they will do missionary work. He has been pastor of the Nazarene Church in this city for several years.

Mrs. Lucy Black has sold her house on College Avenue to Mrs. Anna Williamson, and will make her home with her daughter Florence in New York.

All Rebekahs and Odd Fellows going to the Shades Sunday on the train are asked to meet at the Putnam Lodge Hall at 8 o'clock sharp. Sunday morning.

## AND THE EDITOR PONDERED

Possibly Unfortunate Man Had Also Done a Little Wandering Along That Line.

"Daddy," piped the little darling. "Is it true the sea is a mile deep?"  
Daddy, who was also an editor, glanced up irritably from a huge pile of manuscripts. "I don't know," he snapped.  
The little darling looked disappointed. A little later he asked:  
"Is the moon really made of cheese, daddy?"  
Again came the response: "I don't know!"  
Another look of disappointment, another silence, and another question:  
"Do cannibals use postage stamps?"  
No less savage than the cannibals themselves was the distracted manuscript reader, for the third time: "I don't know!"  
"Well, say, daddy," exclaimed the youthful inquirer, very seriously, "who made you an editor?"

May Wipe Out the Coyote.

The demand for the skins may be the means of wiping out the coyote which has been the nuisance of the western lands for years. There are great numbers of these animals frequenting the vicinity of Mount Whitney and hunting and trapping are being pursued there with such vigor that the pesky animals are threatened with extermination.

## MONON FREIGHT WRECKED AT LIMEDALE

## SMALL BRIDGE GIVES WAY BE- NEATH LOADED CAR—CARS DERAILED AND SEVERAL BURNED TO CLEAR TRACK

A wreck of a Monon freight train occurred near the Indiana Cement Company's plant just south of Limedale early Friday morning. A culvert bridge gave way beneath the engine causing a piling up of the train. A wrecking crew was summoned and the track was cleared in time for the morning passenger train to detour over the Cement Plant switch. The engine lies across the broken bridge and it will be several days before it can be removed. In the mean, time trains are using the cement switch. No one was hurt.

## ANOTHER QUARTER MILE OF

## NATIONAL ROAD COMPLETED

The Carpenter Construction Company has completed the first quarter of a mile of concrete pavement on the National Road from the west side of Seeleyville to near the center of the town. The concrete after completion is covered with straw and kept soaked with water for several days. It is expected that the west section of the road will be thrown open to traffic in a few days. It is hoped that the construction of the road will reach Cloverland before the fall frosts set in.

The road is being constructed under the supervision of Roy Kattman, of Brazil who is an engineer with the state highway commission.

## 4,500 STUDENTS AT INDIANA UNIVERSITY

All indications point to a record breaking attendance at Indiana University this year. Applications to the registrar for catalogues and other information as well as inquiries as to room accommodation have led the authorities to believe that fully 4,500 students will be in attendance at the university this year.

The attendance last year was 3,701.

Robert Pierce, manager of the Wadley Cream Station in this city is in Lafayette today taking the Cream tester's Examination.

Miss Cornelia Allen is expected to arrive home the first of next week from New London, Conn. where she has been visiting relatives for several weeks.

## RETURN FROM EAST

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Goldberg and son David who have been spending the past few weeks in New York City, Atlantic City, Philadelphia and other principle cities in the east, returned home last evening. While in New York Mr. Goldberg attended style shows and bought a large shipment of fall styles, in suits, coats and dresses for women and children. —Brazil Times.

## HAS NEW PLAN FOR THE YEAR'S TEACHERS WORK

## SUPERINTENDENT WALLACE TO HAVE ALL THE TEACHERS OF THE COUNTY MEET IN GREEN- CASTLE MONTHLY INSTEAD OF BY TOWNSHIPS

A new plan for the township work for the teachers of the county will be put into operation this year by County Superintendent Wallace. Instead of having the teachers in each township meet for monthly institute work, all the teachers in the county will meet in Greencastle, and the work will be done in township sections after a general lecture by imported talent. The program of the preliminary institute, to be held on September second is as follows:

- 10:00 Opening Exercises and roll Call.
- Sectional Meetings
- 10:30 Primary Section, Miss Bertha Hyten, Chairman.
- Beginning Reading, Miss Essie Summers.
- 11:15 The Principals of Health Control.
- Chapters 1 and 2, Miss Nellie Lovett.
- Chapter 3, Miss Kate Reel.
- 1:30 The Teacher the School and the Community.
- Chapters 1 to 5 Mr. A. Farmer Intermediate Section.
- Walter Keller Chairman.
- 10:30 Agriculture in the Grades, Mr. C. E. Knauer.
- Round Table Discussion
- 11:15 The Principals of Health
- Chapter 1 and 2, Miss Pearl Sinclair.
- Chapter 3, Mrs. Mary Priest.
- 1:30 The teacher, the school, and the community.
- Chapters 1 to 5, Mr. Frost Hurst.
- High School Section
- Mr. Clyde Wilson, Chairman.
- 10:30 The Six Year High School, Mr. L. E. Micheal.
- Round Table Discussions
- 11:15 The principals of health control.
- Chapter 1 and 2, Mr. Ross Crooks.
- Chapter 3, Mr. R. V. Copple.
- 1:30 The teacher, the school and the community.
- Chapters 1 to 5, Mr. P. V. Voris.
- 2:15 General meeting in the Auditorium.
- 2:30 Business Session.
- 3:00 Adjournment.

## MARRIAGE LISENCE

Maynard H. Buis and Miss Osa Cummings.

Beryl J. Hutcheson and Miss Blanche Mae Frazier.

## Real Estate Transfers

Thos. Brothers to Edward Brothers land in Clinton tp.

Nellie M. Brown to Olivea Stranger lot in Seelyville, \$250.

Elam M. Denny to Alice M. Cox land in Greencastle tp. \$3600.

Miss Emma Brink of Indianapolis is here the guest of Mrs. Ray Smith who is here the guest of her mother, Mrs. R. A. Lawton.

The young people of the St. Paul's Catholic Church held a most successful social on the church lawn Thursday evening. The proceeds will go to church.

## STATE CHAMBER PROTESTS THE RATE INCREASE

PROPOSED INCREASE IN INTERSTATE FREIGHT RATES TO BE FEATURE OF HEARING BEFORE INDIANA COMMISSION HEARING TO BE HELD MONDAY, AUGUST 23.

INDIANAPOLIS, August 19th.—The Indiana State Chamber of Commerce has filed with the Indiana Public Service Commission a protest against the proposed increase in class and commodity intrastate freight rates, as applied to coal, brick, limestone and other low grade commodities.

The protest will be a feature of the hearing before the Indiana Commission on Monday, August 23rd, when the railroads operating in Indiana will request an increase in intrastate freight rates to conform to increases in interstate rates recently granted by the interstate Commerce Commission.

In discussing the attitude of the State Chamber yesterday, B. R. Inman, Manager, and R. B. Coapstick, head of the freight and traffic department, pointed out that the mere fact that the Interstate Commerce Commission had granted the carriers a material increase in interstate freight rates, does not necessarily mean that the Indiana Public Service Commission is warranted in granting similar increases in intrastate rates. Under ordinary conditions, they said, such action might be justifiable; but certain extraordinary conditions affecting Indiana shippers demand consideration before a blanket rate increase should be authorized by the Indiana commission.

In the protest filed by the State Chamber, it is pointed out that certain inequalities in freight rates, discriminating against Indiana shippers and to the undue advantage of Illinois shippers, should be adjusted before the proposed blanket rate increase is granted. The protest also sets out that: "Many of the Indiana Coal rates are excessive and unreasonable, especially the so called short hauls and the rate into the Gas Belt territory; that the Indiana coal rates are unjustifiably honeycombed with inequalities, so much that they are in violation of Sections 5537 and 5544 of Burn's Revised Statutes of 1914; and that to permit the increase to the coal rates proposed by the carriers before such rates are brought to the proper level and the discriminations removed, would perpetuate a violation of the statutes mentioned, and result in a further unjust burden to Indiana interests."

The above statement also applies to such commodities as brick, crushed stone, fluxing stone, agricultural limestone, ground limestone, sand and gravel and other low grade commodities.

The State Chamber will have the cooperation of a number of local commercial organizations, individuals and firms throughout the state.

In view of the long drawn out fight of the State Chamber for the elimination of discriminatory freight rates, the results of the filing of the protest will be awaited with unusual interest.

## TERRE HAUTE LODGE WILL CONFER DEGREE

Pouquessy Council, degree of Pocahontas of Terre Haute will come to this city Saturday evening to confer the degree on a class of candidates which will be taken into the local Pocahontas Lodge. Refreshments will be served after the occasion.

Potomac Council, No. 290, Degree evening August 21, in called session of Pocahontas will meet Saturday. All members are urged to be present. Lura Crawley, Pocahontas; Minnie Kiefer, Kpr. of Rec.

Jesse Ford and Mrs. Amanda Crawley were in Bainbridge Thursday evening to attend the band concert.

Mrs. J. R. John was in Indianapolis Thursday on business.

HERALD WANT ADDS PAY



## HERALD

Entered as Second Class mail matter at the Greencastle, Ind., postoffice.

Charles J. Arnold, Proprietor  
PUBLISHED EVERY AFTERNOON  
Except Sunday at 17 and 19 S. Jackson Street, Greencastle, Ind.  
TELEPHONE 65

## Cards of Thanks.

Cards of Thanks are chargeable at a rate of 50c each.

## Obituaries.

All obituaries are chargeable at the rate of \$1 for each obituary. Additional charge of 5c a line is made for all poetry.

## DID NOT FALL FROM CLOUDS

University of Michigan Professor Otherwise Explains Presence of Worms After Heavy Rainstorm.

Reports from Lexington, Ky., that hundreds of angle worms from two to five inches long fell from the clouds during a rainstorm there, were declared to be inaccurate by Professor Peter Okkelberg of the faculty of the University of Michigan.

The worms probably crawled up through the ground, drawn by the lure of the rain, according to Professor Okkelberg. Cases have been known, however, according to the professor, in which cyclones or tornadoes have created such a suction in the air that worms and fish have been picked up from ponds and lakes and dropped a considerable distance away.

According to the Lexington story, the worms were incubated by the warm winds from the moisture in the air while being wafted in clouds. This is an impossible assumption, according to Professor Okkelberg.

## Noiseless Coins.

It is quite probable that the twentieth century will soon see a new type of coin, noiseless and clean, which will replace the metal ones, which become grimy and dingy with use. If experiments now being conducted at the royal mint at Neissen are successful, Germany may have 2 and 5 mark coins in constant circulation. The experiments, carried on at the request of the ministry of finance, give promise of feasibility, as the composition is light and compact and while as washable as cups and saucers, is perfectly durable. It is said that these coins would be difficult to counterfeit because of the technical apparatus required for their minting.

## Family Was Greatly Favored.

The angel of death visits households as a rule with strict impartiality. There are not many families as highly favored as the one referred to as follows. In a newspaper, "Captain Benjamin Franklin, eighty-one years old, long active in the Republican politics of southern Rhode Island, died suddenly yesterday at his home in Westerly, on the sixty-fourth anniversary of his wedding. He is survived by his widow, six children, and several grandchildren, no death having occurred in the family in sixty-four years.

## AND THEN IT SNOWED.

Amateur Performer—Now that you've seen my nifty act, what do you say to my putting it on at your show shop for a week? Vaudeville Manager (dryly)—Fear we can't come to terms. Amateur Performer (eagerly)—Forget it! Make an offer! Vaudeville Manager—All right. Hand me \$5,000 in currency and you're on.—Buffalo Express.

## No Chance.

"No, I know nothing about music." "All you have to do is to jangle this cowbell." "But suppose I come in at the wrong place?" "You can't do that in jazz."—Louisville Courier Journal.

## The Unbeatable Coifer.

"What sort of golf does he play?" "Well, if he can only get you to give him enough strokes at the start he plays unbeatable golf."

He—Did you dye your hair? Ethel—No, it was dead when I bought it.—John Bull.

## Regular Weather.

"Great weather for crops." "Yep, but greater for golf."—Detroit Free Press.

## His Average.

"How many suits do you buy a year?" "You flatter me. I'm lucky to get one suit in three years."

## Only Thinks He Is.

"Mrs. Jones, is your husband a member of any secret society?" He thinks he is, but he talks in his sleep."

## One Way.

Knicker—"How does he reduce the cost of clothing?" Boker—"He waits for a great man's mantle to fall on him."

## Easy Solution.

Prometheus stole the fire from heaven. "The coal shortage doesn't worry" he announced.

## WITH A SMILE.

Meet whatever the world may bring with a smile and a song along.  
There's always a song for the song you sing if your heart is in the song.  
And when you meet the world with a smile it's sure to smile on you.  
While over your head the sun burns bright and the velvet skies are blue.

Meet whatever the world may bring with a cheery hope and trust;  
Kick up your heels and dance along, and sing and smile and be just.  
Whatever you give the world it gives a measure of that and more.  
To add in the end as you wend to the wealth of your little store.

Meet whatever the world may bring with a faith that naught can shatter;  
There's always something that's not just right, there's always something the matter.  
But the heart that goes along with a song, and the lips that go with a smile  
Shall win a song for their own ere long and a smile from the afterlife.  
—Baltimore Sun.

## DAM MAKES NEW SWISS LAKE

Project Also Forms a Link in Rhone-to-Rhine Canal System That Is Contemplated.

The dam which is being built across the river Aar below Berne, at Muhleberg will form a lake reaching almost to the city. Already it has become a favorite spot for tourists, and within two months pleasure boats will probably be scurrying to and fro across its surface, which is well over eighty square miles in area.

The water passing over the dam goes straight into the power station, which will be able to supply the whole of the district with electricity, but a tunnel through the gorge of Aumatten will permit of the whole lake being emptied quickly, should this ever be necessary. Besides supplying electric light and electric power all over the neighborhood the eight turbines of 8,100 horsepower each will work a lift to raise or lower boats passing between Berne and the Lake of Biene.

Hitherto, of course, the Aar has not been navigable, but the engineers responsible for all this work are keeping an eye on the future. Their electric lift will be such that it can be easily enlarged to take heavy barges should the project of a Rhone-to-Rhine canal ever be carried out. In that case vessels from either sea would be able to bring provisions almost to the gates of Berne.

## Dead Men Called in Court.

William Penn's three sons, dead two hundred years, were called in a Philadelphia court the other day. The proceeding was the enactment of a curious legal fiction necessary to extinguish several existing ground rents. It is the legal presumption that if no payments of ground rents have been made for twenty-one years the rent has been ended. This was so in the estate of Charles F. Beck, involving several properties in the vicinity of Water, Spruce and Pine streets. When informed of the case, Judge Finletter said: "Let the Penns appear and make formal demand for payment—this is their day in court." So the court called out three times: "John Penn, Thomas Penn, Richard Penn, come forward!" But the sons of the famous Quaker who founded Philadelphia did not respond, so a jury formally adjudged them in default and gave a verdict for the Beck estate.

## Depended on Direction.

A little girl was standing on the sidewalk when an old man approached, stopped, looked around a little, and then inquired of the child: "I am headed for Mr. James Ordway's. Would you tell me how much farther I will have to go down this street to reach his house?"

"Well," answered the little miss thoughtfully, "if you keep headed the way you are now I think you will have to go some long ways, but if you head the other way you will only have to go to the second house back there."



## NO NEED TO WORRY.

"Papa, the boys laugh at me because I am so fat."  
"Never mind son, at the present prices of food, that will soon be changed."

## Never Again.

The rain was falling in torrents and the road was rapidly becoming a sea of mud. As it was getting dark, we were driving fast to reach a good road when something darted from the ditch directly in front of the car. The driver swung the wheel around, skidded, and landed in the ditch.  
The "something" said "me-ow."  
After plodding a mile through the mud to get aid for a broken wheel, we swore never again to turn out suddenly on a slippery road, especially for a black cat!—Exchange.

## Motor Traffic.

This year will see in automobile travel more than 9,000,000 vehicles. This is added to the twenty-odd million horses and mules which so short a time ago comprised the whole motive power of our country highways. This enormous modern traffic practically concentrates on the main lines of travel. Probably 90 per cent of it is concentrated on less than 20 per cent of the total mileage of roads.

## The Scrap Book

## ALMOST TOO MUCH TO BEAR

No Wonder Maiden Fainted, but Many Would Like to Know Just What Fireman Said.

The flames shot upwards; the smoke curled in cruel clouds around the doomed building; and the brave firemen fought.

Every inhabitant, however, had been safely brought out. But suddenly a young woman rushed up to one of the firemen.  
"Oh," she cried, "save it for me!"

She pointed to a second-floor window, and without a word the fireman rushed to do her bidding.

"How old was it?" asked one of the bystanders.  
"Only a month!" sobbed the distressed one. "And look!"—as the figure of the fireman could be seen coming down the ladder again. "He has failed! He's coming back without it! Oh, what shall I do—what shall I do?"

The fireman approached.  
"I'm sorry," he said, "but I could find no child there."  
"Child?" cried the fair maiden. "I said nothing about a child!"  
"Then—what was it?" they asked her.

"It was my b-b-bicycle!" she sobbed. "I'd only had it a month—on the installment system, too!"  
And then she fainted.

## HAS GOOD ADVERTISING IDEA

How Librarian in Los Angeles Stimulates Public Curiosity in Choice of New Reading.

The idea that everything should be put to some good use, wherever this is possible, has been carried out by the librarian of the Franklin high school library and deposit station of the Los Angeles public library, in utilizing the covers that come on new books direct from the publishers. About two dozen of these gayly-colored covers, having the appearance of small posters, were placed in a row along the lower edge of the big bulletin board in the main hall of the library, right next to pictures taken from illustrated newspaper supplements. The result was that a good deal of interest was given the little exhibition of the illustrative and advertising art, many of the visitors studying the display for the purpose of making selections. In fact the librarian states that the book-cover poster row has been responsible for increasing the amount of unsolicited reading.

## Aunt Bertha's Ouija Board.

Just to show you what she can do when she sets her mind to it, Aunt Bertha was asked to try her luck at getting connected with the spirit of Disraeli—we used up Napoleon and the other stock characters the very first week that Aunt Bertha began to work the ouija board, and we had to go in pretty deep to think up new ones. The planchette started to move the minute Aunt Bertha put her hands on it, if you will believe me, and when she asked: "Is this Disraeli?" it immediately spelled out "this is him." I tell you, I saw it with my own eyes. Uncanny, it really was. There seems to be nobody whom Aunt Bertha cannot make answer her on the ouija board. There is even a pretty strong chance that she may be able to get Central, after she has had a little more practice.—Dorothy Parker in the Saturday Evening Post.

## Horse Power and Candle Power.

While the horse is rapidly going into the discard as a hauler of heavy loads, his successor, the motor truck, is measured by his pulling capacity—and probably will continue to be measured by that scale for centuries. And the electric lamp, be it a tiny "night light" or a tremendous glaring affair for street illumination, is measured by what the antedated tallow candle used to be able to do. Very few citizens use candles nowadays—and yet this flickering wick is the standard for great electric institutions all over the world.

## TOO MODEST.

"Why don't you go into politics?"  
"Tried it once and didn't like it."

"What was the trouble?"  
"I was too modest, I guess. Anyhow I never seemed able to convince anybody, even myself, that I could fill the office any better than the other fellow."

## "Harness" the River Jordan.

The Palestine Weekly, a Zionist paper printed in Jerusalem, brings news of a project to develop the water power of the river Jordan. Since Palestine is a land without coal or fuel of any kind, industrial progress depends largely upon utilizing the power resources of the country to generate electricity. It is suggested that the Jordan, thus harnessed, would supply not only power, light and heat, but would also work pumps to irrigate extensive valley lands now barren.—Living Age.

## JESSICA

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD.

(Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

So this was the answer! Jessica folded the bit of paper, her lip curled scornfully. Well, any one who mixed up her letters in such a careless fashion certainly needed a secretary. Here she had been waiting and waiting for a reply to the long letter she had sent her aunt, and now had come this brief note addressed to the head of some vocational bureau asking said head to "Please secure me, as soon as possible, an efficient secretary, not too prepossessing in appearance."

Jessica had spent her life in a tiny western town with her invalid father. Released by his death from years of tedious if affectionate devotion, she had followed his last wishes and written to his sister in New York, from whom he had not heard in many years. A note requesting a secretary! Efficient—but not prepossessing. That was an odd requirement, mused Jessica. Aunt Louisa had no sons.

Started at the idea which occurred to her, she jumped up, ran to the dresser and leaned toward the mirror, undoing with rapid fingers her gold-tinted, softly curling hair.  
Two weeks later Aunt Louisa, a vigorously intellectual woman, sat in her library interviewing a simply gownned, sober-eyed young woman who had presented herself as applicant for the secretaryship.

"The only trouble," said the aunt, "is that when you smile—well, you show possibilities. To be quite frank, my dear young lady, I am through with attractive secretaries. With me lives my ward, the son of an old friend, and although an estimable young man, I may say that he has an eye for beauty. My last secretary was one of those flighty, blue-eyed—er—baby dolls, as they say, and—but you understand what I am getting at."

Never before had Jessica been so happy as she was in the days that followed.

Then home came Shade Tremont. And if Aunt Louisa had seen possibilities in Jessica, no less did Shade.

"I say, Miss Boardman, why don't you wear your hair more—more fluffy or something?" he asked the second morning of his arrival.

"Please do not be personal, Mr. Tremont," said Jessica, coldly. For the first time in his young life Shade was hurt.

The afternoon that Shade announced his intention of running on to Boston for a day or two, her aunt also decided to visit a friend who had a model farm in the country. Jessica, left in charge of the house, yielded to a sudden whim to forget for a moment that she was the very plain Deborah Boardman.

Going to her room, she took out her one frilly, feminine gown, and laid it on the bed. Then, her eyes sparkling, she did up her hair, not as she had worn it in the old days, but in the latest, most daring coiffure she had observed in the fashionable city.

Ah, this animated woman with the smiling lips, the soft throat rising from the lace fichu—this was not the unprepossessing Deborah—nor yet the old Jessica! This was a quite new person, touched with the magic wand of love!

Jessica ran lightly down the stairs and out into the garden. She drank in the permeating fragrance, lifted her head, and looked straight into the eyes of Shade Tremont!

"I—I beg your pardon—why, Miss Boardman—you!" The look of surprise on Shade's face became one of puzzled, but happy bewilderment. "You wonderful, wonderful girl. I got as far as the station and came back to tell you I loved you. And I adore you!"

Jessica's eyes filled with happy love—then fell.

"My darling," said Shade. "My darling Deborah!"

"Otherwise Jessica," interrupted a voice dryly.

"You!" cried Shade.

"Just me," said Aunt Louisa. "I came home for something I had forgotten. I found more than I expected—wait!" She lifted a hand to ward off Jessica's rushing explanations. "But not more than I hoped. My ward has given me several uneasy moments—yes, you have, Shade—and when you, Jessica, wrote to me, it occurred to me that you might be just the wife for my ward. But how to tell if you were? So I tried that little ruse of apparently mixed letters. Thought I to myself, if the girl is worth anything and clever, she'll see the chance and take advantage of it, and I will get a light on her real self. Didn't you ever wonder why you didn't hear again, or why the position wasn't filled before you came?"

"Yes," murmured Jessica, "of course, but—"

"Exactly," continued her aunt. "Also, I wanted Shade to see you under the least favorable circumstances. If, then, he fell in love, I would be sure it wasn't just with a pretty face, although yours is pretty enough," she concluded graciously.

"I can't thank you enough," began Jessica, but her aunt, perhaps not unaware of her irrepressible ward's hinting glance and gestures toward the house, moved slowly away.

"Jessica!" cried Shade, holding out both arms. "Now what do you say when I say 'Will you marry me?'"

## STUFF O' DREAMS

By CRAWFORD LUTTRELL.

She unfolded the scrap of yellowed paper, punctured with pin holes, and read again, after a lapse of eighteen years, the words that had accompanied a fraternity emblem sent her in the faraway days of youth. "As this 'Star and Crescent' binds thousands of hearts together in the United States, so may it bind our eternal friendship. —M. M." He had underscored the words "hearts" and "our."

She had gone back home on a visit and, following the proverbial rule of rummaging the attic on a rainy day by chance a packet of old letters that she thought had been burned before she married and went away. The little fraternity pin that had graced her schoolgirl blouses had been fastened through that scrap of paper.

At the thought, memory turned the tide of time backward and she saw herself, a long-legged, big-eyed girl standing timidly at a window in the post office, asking for a package.

Clare looked through the little dormer window at the gentle, soaking summer rain. Mechanically she opened one of the old letters, still bravely flaunting the crimson and black of his college colors. He had written with the ardent assistance of twenty-one that he could never love anybody else and that her influence would mold his life. She could make of him what she would. Age had its compensation, she reflected. She could never blindly trust again, never be hurt with the sharp blade of disillusionment whose keen edge only time could wholly dull. She looked at life through the fading eyes of thirty-five. They were too worldly wise to glimpse visions of such stuff as dreams are made of!

It was when she was passing through the hall below on her way to her room to freshen up a bit before dinner that she heard a deep, mystical voice inquiring for her at the front door. Thinking that it was an old-time neighbor, she went quickly downstairs.

She recognized him immediately, although the slimmest of youth had given place to the rotundity of middle age. His black hair was thinning. Only his eyes and his voice were the same.

"How very much like a fairy story this is," she laughed when they were seated in the candle-light of old parlor. "I have been in the attic all the afternoon. I found some of your old letters there and a little yellowed slip of paper which still bears the pin holes of the fraternity emblem you sent me long ago."

"I still have that pin," he said and looked at her without smiling. "It is locked in a little black box in my desk."

She laughed, although her lips were not quite steady in her mirth. "It has been so long since those far days when we flirted and pretended to know all about love. Oh, well, I rode for a hard fall and the tumble was sufficiently painful to guard against another one."

"You aren't bitter?" He leaned forward, his disconcerting brown eyes never wavering from her face. "You wouldn't be you, if you were!"

"You don't believe, surely, that this aging shell covers the girl you used to know, Milton?" She died, ever so long ago.

"She couldn't die," he corrected her, and his eyes smiled as they had smiled, warning and waking her heart years before. "Tell me about yourself, everything," he urged.

She twisted the narrow gold band on her finger. "There is really nothing to tell. I've had quite an average life."

"You married—let me see—how long ago?" he questioned.

"Fifteen years."

She was wholly unprepared for what followed. "Clare, I am sure that you and your husband, too, will understand what I am about to say to you. It would be foolish not to refer to my love for you—it has played too important a part upon my life. Your abiding faith made me what I am, and today I stopped off here, in your little home town, to try to get your present address in order to write to you and gratefully acknowledge all that I have been privileged to tell you."

"Your wife—"

"I told her, before she died, just what I am telling you."

"I hadn't heard, Milton. I'm sorry—you must know—"

She wondered what to say to him, and, finding no words, sat silent, clasped tense hands in her lap. He rose to go. "Surely your husband will not mind my pilgrimage here to tell you this, to thank you for the beautiful part you have played in the great scheme of things for me. The human equation—no man escapes it or wants to escape it," he amended. "I believe my train goes in a short time. I will have to say good-by now, although I say it reluctantly."

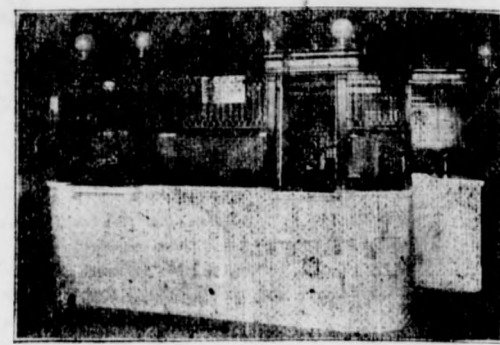
"He would have been glad," she whispered, sudden tears coursing down her flushing cheeks, "if he could know."

"Then he—"

"I have been a widow, Milton, for many, many years."

"Would you mind," he asked gently, taking her hands in his, "if I stayed over and waited for another train?"

She looked up at him and something deep in his brown eyes that the years had failed to change, made her know that even at thirty-five one can believe in the gossamer fabric of such stuff as dreams are made of.



## ONE MILLION

Seven Hundred Thousand Dollar

Bank and Trust Company in Greencastle under the supervision of the United States Government and the State of Indiana.

We pay you interest on all your surplus money while you are waiting for a bargain.

The  
**Central National Bank**  
And  
**Central Trust Comp'y**

## Money

NOW is the time to lay in your supply of coal. Get it while the getting is good.

On household goods, vehicles, implements, live stock, automobiles etc. Agent in office Thur. each wk

## Loan

If you haven't the money to pay cash, come to us. We will loan you any amount from \$25 to \$300 on your personal property.

**Indiana Loan Company**  
Room 3 Donner Block

## SUGAR!

## ALL YOU WANT

Pure White Cane, Sugar 18<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>¢ per pound  
100 lbs. for \$18.75

Visit our Grocery Department as we have many other Specials

## HURST &amp; CO.

GREENCASTLE'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE  
A Good Place to Buy Everything

Free City Delivery

Phone 558

## Special Trade Day Bargains

## Men's Socks

\$1.00 Qualities all colors	.65
.75 " " "	.50
.50 " " "	3 pairs 1.00
.35 " " "	4 pairs 1.00

## Straw Hats

87 Left were \$3.00 and \$4.00 Grade  
Choice \$1.50 44 Panamas Left Choice \$5.00

22 Palm Beech Suits 22  
\$15-18 and 20 Grade Choice \$10.00

## Special Sale on all Kinds of Dress Shirts

20 per cent off on all Suits. Blues and Browns Included

## The Bell Clothing Co.

Greencastle's Best Clothiers



## JEAN'S TEA ROOM

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

(Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

When Webb leaned against the gate and looked up at the quaint old house where she had been born, and which was the birthplace of her mother and her grandmother. The three of them lived alone there with a tiny inn from Jean's school teaching, the old house almost falling down and in need of repairs, and with a tangled garden which had no one to take care of it.

Grandmother was old and feeble. Mrs. Webb was not strong. When she came home from teaching her young students she was tired and there was always housework to do. The old house and garden were neglected.

"I could only sell it," sighed Jean, "for a good sum of money, then—"

She smiled and brushed away a tear. "My mother and grandmother would be homesick! Well, we'll keep it somehow, all together!"

She turned as a motorcar slowed at the gate. A smartly uniformed chauffeur touched his cap and opened the door of the car.

An elderly woman with gray hair and soft appealing eyes smiled graciously on the slender girl at the gate. "May your pardon—can you tell me if there is a tea room nearby?" she asked. "We have had a breakdown and it is long past luncheon hour."

She hesitated. With the woman's question an idea flashed into her head. Perhaps this was the answer to her prayers—this might be the golden opportunity knocking at her gate. If there was a demand for tea rooms—why not supply it?

In a few moments three ladies were sitting in the comfortable chairs in the green gloom of the honeysuckle vines, leaning over the roses that Jean brought them and the pure chalice of the fragrant day lilies. Then Jean disappeared for a period to return with two slices of ham laid on crisp lettuce leaves, delicious balls of cream cheese, a pot of home-made jam, a simple salad and dainty bread and butter sandwiches—these and a pot of tea Jean placed before the ladies and then went away and left them alone.

When she came back they were so generous in their praise of the unexpected hospitality—so eager for Jean to open a tea room there.

"You are so near the post road, my dear—all you need is a few tables on the veranda and your own beautiful shape—your cooking is delicious—let me have a sign painted for you!" said Mrs. Delbridge, the owner of the house and the hostess of the party.

"You are too kind," protested Jean. "I shall send my son out next week and I may come with him—it is vacation now and you will have plenty of time. Beware! We shall send all our friends!" They laughingly drove away, their arms full of flowers, and it was not until they had disappeared that Jean remembered that they had asked for a check and she had not thought to charge them!

"A poor business woman am I," she murmured wryly as she cleared the table. Then she found a five-dollar bill pinned to the damask cloth and she danced into the house waving it exultantly.

"But Jean the schoolma'am and even Jean the keeper of the tea shop—no wonder of her garden once more!"

A week later a small gray car stopped at the gate and Jean, who was busily weeding the graveled path between the rows of fragrant roses, thought of her grubby fingers and missed blue frock. "It must be Mrs. Delbridge's son," she thought as she went to the gate. In one hand he carried two rustic swinging signs and with the other he uncovered his handsome head.

"Is this the Wayside tea room?" he asked with twinkling eyes.

"Why—no?" hesitated Jean.

"I am afraid it is—or it is going to be," he grinned as he displayed the signs.

Large enough—framed in rustic were the magic words: "THE WAYSIDE TEA ROOM," and one corner of the sign was lengthened into a pointed finger.

"How kind of Mrs. Delbridge," cried Jean ecstatically.

"She is for your veranda and the sign to hang from some tree down the road—a guide. Mother said you would know the tree."

"The old locust at the corner," exclaimed Jean.

"I will hang it for you," declared the boy, and from the tool kit in the car he brought the necessary nails and presently the quaint sign was swinging in the soft wind. After Phil hung the other sign over the gate while Mrs. Webb and Jean prepared a high tea in the veranda. There was fresh strawberry shortcake and plenty of cream and other delicious things, for the Webbs were famous sweeteners.

Phil lingered on the front steps of Jean's. A whippoorwill was singing in the orchard and the roses were heavy with fragrance.

"I shall come again—and again!" promised Phil, releasing Jean's fluttering fingers.

"Do come," said Jean in a small voice; and her tone might have disconcerted Phil Delbridge had he not had her eyes. He felt that while Jean's tea room might be the beginning of the story, the ending of the story must come only when beautiful Jean belonged to him.

## LIGHTNING

By CORONA REMINGTON.

(Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"I'll never get over it—I'll never get over it! What's the use of trying to cure me?"

Corinne Benton turned her young face to the wall and indulged in another delicious bout of weeping. Doctor Westover sat patiently at her bedside until the storm was over. Then he tried to reason with her.

"I'm older than you are, my child, and my experience has proved that most young people run onto the shoals in their first love affair, and ordinarily they get over it with surprising rapidity."

"As to trying to cure you, you have nothing the matter but a little attack of nerves, and a few months of good hard work will straighten them out; so tomorrow we're going to see about taking a business course. I've talked it all over with your parents and they approve most heartily."

Corinne tried to petrify the doctor with one horrible look, but if he was in the least affected he showed no signs and a minute later gave his patient a hearty handshake and left the room whistling. Indeed, so unimpressed did he appear that the girl began to fear that her features had failed to register the unspeakable disgust she had felt for anyone so hopelessly flippant and heartless. She must be developing fatal paralysis or something, she decided.

"All ready!" said the doctor to Corinne a few days later. "We're going down to start that business course this morning. I have a young protegee that graduates in medicine this June. He'll be needing an efficient girl around the office, so I'll engage you right now for him. Let's get busy."

"You're a perfect brute, and I just hate you!" Corinne found the energy to stamp her foot with emphasis.

"I guess I can bear up under that, too," said the doctor with unruffled good nature.

It was a hard fight, but Westover finally won, and as the days went by Corinne was disgusted to notice the return of color to her cheeks. At any rate she thought she would never get over the love tragedy, even if going out in the open did make her look healthy again—diseased bodies are curable, but never a crushed soul! As she improved, Doctor Westover saw less and less of his pretty, impetuous little patient.

"You're looking fine," he would tell her heartily.

"But I'll never get over it," she would always reply. "I'll never love another man."

The doctor would smile to himself as he passed on, but Corinne knew nothing of this—old folks have a right to keep a few secrets to themselves.

With June came the zealous young Doctor Mann and the girl was duly installed. He was a big six-foot man who dressed well, spoke rapidly and had a lightning smile which he flashed with frequency and impartiality on all living things. He loved life, he loved people and he was possessed of a keen sympathy.

Naturally, the patients did not flock to his doors immediately, and both the young people had plenty of time on their hands. Corinne read a great deal and dabbled at fancywork, but the doctor had read himself almost into a frenzy for six long years and fancywork was not in his line, so things were decidedly slow for him.

"I say, Miss Benton," he exclaimed one morning, appearing from the inner office. "It's dull as blazes today. Couldn't we go into my consulting room and have a game of checkers?" He looked almost sheepish and very boyish as he stood before Corinne.

"I guess so," she answered, rising.

"But I'll never forget him," she declared loyally to herself as she glanced at the lightning smile.

They played checkers a great deal that summer, those two. To be sure, his practice grew steadily, but there were still many hours unfiled, and the young man's mania for checkers became more acute the more he played. It even reached the point where they would get so absorbed that they would fail to keep an ear open for patients in the outer room, and one day they kept Mrs. Connington Flasher waiting nearly an hour, as she testily informed them when they finally appeared.

"My dear madam," the doctor said suavely. "I'm sorry that you had to wait, but we were attending to an important matter."

That same evening—it was December then—Doctor Westover ran right into his little ex-patient as he started homeward. "Hello there!" he greeted. "Haven't seen you in a con's age. How are you getting along with Mann?"

"Oh, all right; but I'll never forget him," she ended in her usual way.

"Forget whom?" asked the doctor.

"You know," replied the girl in injured tones.

"Oh, that other chap," said Westover, appearing to remember. "That's a fact—I'll have to give Mann a hint, because I believe he's beginning to care for you, and it'd be a darn shame to let the poor fellow chase a rain-bow."

"No, no! Don't you ever dare!" exclaimed the girl tensely.

"Why not, I'd like to know?"

"Because—because it's none of his business," she ended weakly.

"Oh, all right," said Doctor Westover as he smiled to himself in the dark.

## ANNE ROSE

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

(Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Cortland watched the girl with adoring eyes. He had loved the mother of Anne Rose and she had been denied him, but when he saw the lovely young daughter he knew that reparation would be made for his lonely life. He was very rich and the years had brought him prominence in the financial world and much social distinction. He was still handsome, with fine eyes and slightly graying hair; he was tall and straight and active as a boy. Anne Rose was only twenty and she was wondrously fair—and the poor protegee of a frivolous aunt.

"She's a dear, isn't she, Roddy?" bubbled Mrs. Chaffee, with a nod toward her niece. "Looks a lot like poor Nannie."

"She is Nannie," returned Cortland with dreamy eyes on Anne Rose, while slow red crept into his face and then vanished, leaving him white and tense with suppressed feeling.

"Poor old Roddy," smiled Mrs. Chaffee, patting his coat sleeve, then she added, mischievously: "Why not little Anne Rose?"

"Why not?" he retorted lightly; but the thought made his pulses leap.

Weeks afterward he met Mrs. Wayne. He had known her of old, a selfish, scheming woman, but with a disarming manner that was very fetching. Cortland found himself beside her at a dinner party.

"I haven't seen you in years," she exclaimed; "do come into the library and give me a bit of advice."

"I am always at your service," he said courteously, but he was annoyed—he had wanted to go to Anne Rose as soon as he could get away. Anne Rose was wearing a blazing solitaire now.

When they were alone, she dropped into a chair and appealed to him. "It's about my nephew, Hal Brayton—he's as poor as a church mouse, but the poor dear is frightfully in love with that charming little niece of Mrs. Chaffee's—Anne Rose Graye."

"Yes?" he asked stiffly.

The poor things have been in love for ages—and they cannot marry—Hal is wild. She is receiving much attention and he is afraid she might marry—for money. Girls want so much nowadays. I have thought you might use your influence to get him a position."

"So that he may marry Miss Graye?"

"Yes. Young things like that have a right to happiness."

"Of course," he agreed dryly. "I will do the best I can for Hal."

"I knew you would not fail me," she gushed, but as he left the room a hard look crept into her eyes.

Anne Rose stood in the middle of Mrs. Chaffee's drawing room, trembling. She seemed like a dewy, breeze-blown rosebud.

"You startled me, Roderick," she explained, lifting her flower face to his. He did not kiss her. He held her hands tightly and looked over her head toward the dim windows.

"You never told me that you knew Hal Brayton," he said in a strained voice.

"You never asked me." She gave the aged answer of women in a small, weary voice.

"I heard—tonight—that you were engaged—before you met me. You are not marrying me from pity, dear?"

"And—if I were?"

"You could not—I would not let you!" he said grimly.

She slowly released her hands from his grasp and stepped back until she leaned against a table. "And suppose—I heard—that you only loved me because I was the shadow of an old love of yours—that you were making obligations to sentiment?" Her voice wavered uncertainly.

"Well, and suppose I did?" he defied her.

"Ah!" Little gusts of sobs shook her slim shoulder and a rain of tears sprinkled the rose of her cheeks. She drew off the engagement ring and forced it into his reluctant hand.

She brought out a lovers' knot of platinum and gold and put it on her third finger.

"Now," he said bitterly, "you are free, but I love you so much, it will take the rest of my life to tell it; but if you love Hal Brayton I will free you and—I will help you all I can."

The girl lifted questioning eyes. "I do not love Hal Brayton," she denied; "but there always has been—it was a sort of inherited love, I think—fostered by an old miniature that belonged to my mother and which contained your picture—I became a hero worshiper and measured all men by that standard—and that is why," her voice dropped deliciously and her trembling hands went out to him, "that is why it is so easy to love you—now!"

The telephone bell tinkled impatiently and stopped from sheer weariness. Mrs. Chaffee, trailing her draperies into the room, paused a moment and then noiselessly disappeared. A maid came in to replenish the fire, but she scurried away.

Cortland had his Anne Rose at last!

## Bamboo Trees Grow Like Magic.

The growth of the bamboo is swift. In the morning a shoot appears above the ground, and by nightfall the shoot is waist high. On the second day it is as tall as a man, and in less than three weeks the bamboo rods are from 18 to 19 inches in circumference and tower to a height of 60 or 70 feet. There is one grove in Abbeville, La., that towered to 70 feet in 19 days.—Detroit News.

SMEN TVOOT  
GNY TVNOSHED

Mr. and Mrs. A. O. White have gone to Michigan to spend several weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Raleigh Siddons left today for Canada where they will spend their vacation.

Miss Lillian Southard has returned from Bay View, Michigan where she has been spending the summer.

Mrs. Thad Allee of Chicago is here visiting Mrs. J. P. Allee and family.

Mrs. Lou Allen Baker who has been in California for the last few years, has returned to her home in Greencastle.

Claire Bittles who has been seriously ill at the Methodist hospital in Indianapolis for several weeks, underwent an operation last night for brain. Word received this morning was that his condition was slightly improved.

Mrs. T. T. Moore of Tucson, Arizona, who has been spending the past week visiting friends and relatives here leaves for New York tonight. She will leave for Arizona in the fall.

Mrs. Lou Allen Baker, of California is here for a short visit with friends. Mrs. Baker has been in California for more than two years going there soon after her return from Russia.

J. B. Thomas, who has been teaching in the Normal School at Danville, Indiana, was in Greencastle today on his way to a new position in the State Normal School at Meadville, Pa. where he will teach during the coming year.

## BUTCHER REJOICES OVER WIFE'S RECOVERY

"My wife suffered for five years and practically lived on toast and hot water. Doctors said she would have to be operated for gall stones. A lady advised her to try Mayr's Wonderful Remedy and after taking four bottles over two years ago; she has been entirely well ever since." It removes the catarrhal mucus from the intestinal tract and allays the inflammation which causes practically all stomach, liver and intestinal ailments including appendicitis. One dose will convince or money refunded at R. P. Mullins and druggists everywhere.

## PUBLIC SALE

We will sell at Public auction on the farm of Herschel Montgomery, 2 miles southwest of Mt. Meridian and 6 miles southeast of Greencastle, known as the Capt. Allee farm, on

MONDAY, AUGUST 23

Beginning at 10:30 o'clock, the following described property:

### HORSES

Four year old gray mare, sound, work in all harness; smooth mouth, mare with mule by side; two year old mare; 7 year old mare, weight 1200 lbs.; 3 year old mare in foal by horse.

### COWS

Four year old cow with calf by side.

### HOGS

Sow with pigs by side; sow due to farrow in September; 23 head of shoats weight about 75 lbs.

### CORN AND HAY

1500 bushels of corn; two stacks good timothy hay; clover hay in barn.

### IMPLEMENTS

Two farm wagons; five hoe fertilizer; wheatdrill; good gravel bed; mowing machine; drag harrow; walking cultivator; walking breaking plow; gasoline or oil tank and other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms will be made known on day of sale.

Dinner will be served by the Ladies of Mt. Meridian M. E. Church

Hershel Montgomery

Roy Terry

George Taylor

O. J. RECTOR

CLYDE MASTEN

Auctioneers

ORVAL HILL, Clerk

**Sale Bills PRINTED**

If you intend to have a sale get our prices

We are fixed for turning out work of this kind in double-quick time.

## Classified Ads

COTTAGE FOR SALE at a bargain if sold at once.—6 room, one and half story house, good condition, \$10 S. Locust street. Theodore Crawley.

FARM LOANS —Plenty of money. Brown & Moffett.

Architect, Contractor and Landscape Gardening. W. H. Evans, Greencastle, Indiana.

Mr. Vaughn Farmer, Tells How He Lost All His Prize Seed Corn

"Some time ago sent away for some pedigreed seed corn. Put it in a gunny sack and hung it on a rope suspended from roof. Rats got it all—how beats me, but they did it because I got 5 dead whoppers in the morning after trying RAT SNAP." Three sizes, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Sold and guaranteed by John Cook & Son, J. Sudranski & Co. R. P. Mullins.

PUBLIC SALES:—We are now looking for fall sales. See us early for your date. Dobbs & Vestal. Office over Central Nat'l Bank. Residence phones 168 & 771. Office Phone 179.

WANTED:—Man wants place on farm. Reference furnished. Henry Snider, R. R. No. 2. FOR BARTLETT, Seckel, and Duch, ess pears, as fine as ever grew, phone L-1. J. D. Torr.

RESIDENCE FOR SALE:—Hardwood floors throughout, hot water heat, two baths, gas, Electricity, excellent location.—643 E. Seminary St. Phone 153.

WANTED:—Educated, refined woman of good local standing, between ages of 25 and 50, to permanently represent high class business in Greencastle and vicinity. All or part time. Commission and bonuses. Big income assured. Give references with reply. Address 1305 City Trust Bldg. Indianapolis, Indiana.

Why People Buy Rat Snap in Preference To Rat Poison

(1) RAT SNAP absolutely kills rats and mice. (2) What it doesn't kill it scares away. (3) Rats killed with RAT SNAP leave no smell, they dry up inside. (4) Made in cakes, no mixing with other foods. (5) Cats or dogs won't touch it. Three sizes, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Sold and guaranteed by John Cook and Sons, J. Sudranski & Co., R. P. Mullins.

"Rat-Snap Beats the Best Trap Ever Made," Mrs. Emily Shaw Says.

"My husband bought \$2. trap. I bought a 50c box of RAT SNAP. The trap only caught 3 rats but RAT SNAP killed 12 in a week. I'm never without RAT SNAP. Reckon I could n't raise chicks without it." RAT-SNAP comes in cakes. Three sizes, 25c, 50c, \$1.00 and guaranteed by John Cook & Sons, J. Sudranski Co., R. P. Mullins.

"Why I Put Up With Rats For Years" Writes N. Windsor, Farmer.

"Years ago I bought some rat poison which nearly killed our fine watch dog. It so scared us that we suffered a long time with rats until my neighbor told me about RAT SNAP. That's the sure rat killer and a safe one." Three sizes 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Sold and guaranteed by John Cook & Sons, J. Sudranski Co., R. P. Mullins.

## Special Fri. & Sat.

## Fresh Fish

Poastasties ..... 12  
Quaker Oats ..... 12  
ersey Corn Flakes ..... 12  
7 Bars Flake White Soap .... 50  
6 Boxes Matches ..... 30  
Brooms ..... 35 to \$1-00  
Try Our Cured Meats  
Minced Ham and Cheese  
Sugar ..... 19.

F. E. Todd & Sons

Jones' Old Stand

FOR SERVICE  
TRAVEL AND SHIP YOUR FREIGHT  
...via...

## TERRE HAUTE, INDIANAPOLIS & EASTERN TRACTION COMPANY AND CONNECTING LINES

Local and interline less car load load and car load shipments to all points reached by Traction lines in Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Kentucky and Michigan.

## Hourly Local Express Service Station Delivery

Passenger cars equipped with double windows insuring to patrons a dependable service.

For rates and further information see local T. H. I. & E. agent or address Traffic Department, 268 Traction Terminal Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.



## A SIMPLE RECEIPT FOR SATISFACTION

First take the pay envelope and extract therefrom a proportion that seems practical. Bring it to the bank and let us take care of it and add interest.

At determined—upon intervals—Preferably every week or at least every month—repeat this operation. In a comparative short time you will enjoy the satisfaction that comes with steady saving. And to increase your own satisfaction, pass on the receipt to others so that they may similarly profit. . . .

## THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK Greencastle, Indiana.



## A. B. Hanna C. W. Huffman

## Hanna & Huffman

Funeral Directors Licensed Embalmers

Calls Answered At All Hours

Office Phone 88; Residence Phone 184

Workmen Wanted

Twenty five laborers wanted for per

manent, all year work.

Indiana Portland Cement Co.

Notice to Subscribers

Subscribers who have not paid their subscription in advance have received notice.

Please favor us with an early remittance.

High cost of production requires us to ask your co-operation in this matter.



## ARE YOU CARELESS WITH YOUR HEALTH

Being careless with health is the height of folly. It is every man's duty to know his bodily conditions and what to do to keep it at its best. Be assured that your backbone cannot be neglected, nor its good condition taken for granted. The careless with health are the failures in life.

Health is a matter of keeping the spine in perfect mechanical condition so that all its nerve openings are wide and the nerves free of pressure. It is nerve pressure at the spine which causes disease. Spinal adjusting removes this pressure and nature produces health.

**H. ASKEW, Palmer Chiropractor**

Corner East Washington and Vine Sts.

(Over Banner Office)

Office Phone 183

Residence Phone 772

## HOPED EVERYONE WILL TAKE ADVICE AND TRY TRITONA

EVANSVILLE WOMAN SAYS OTHERS SHOULD USE PERFECT TONIC AND IT WILL HELP THEM

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Aug. 19.—"I hope every one who is in need of a good tonic, will hear about Tritona, and try it," Mrs. Paul Vittelow, a well known Evansville woman, who lives at 620 Walnut street, told a Tritona representative recently.

"Tritona has made me feel like a new woman," Mrs. Vittelow continued "after I'd been in a nervous and run-down condition for the past several months. I've been so nervous and felt so draggy and tired out, that I've not felt like attending to my household duties. I was very restless at night.

"But I feel 100 per cent better in every way, since I've taken Tritona. This wonderful medicine has improved me remarkably. In the past ten days, I did my own washing, and a big one too, last week, and yet I didn't feel 'all in', as I would have before I took Tritona. My former nervousness has vanished entirely, and I'm able to rest well at night, now. Tritona surely proved it's worth in my case, and I'm glad to recommend it to others."

Tritona is sold in Greencastle at R. P. Mullins Drug Store.

## Trade Day Special

Saturday Only

\$2.25 Red Barn Paint \$1.75

Weatherwax Paint has no equal for preserving barns and other timber structures from decay. Investigate. Other bargains for Trade Day.

**R. P. MULLINS, Druggist**

# OVERLAND

3442 Miles --- 25 Men ---  
27.2 Miles per gallon

A Stock Overland crossed the U. S. A. in 179 hours. Averaged 27.2 miles per gallon.

It was driven night and day over every kind of road by 25 different drivers who never before saw the car.

Overwhelming proof of Overland nimble stamina and extraordinary economy due to light weight, alloy steels and Triplex Springs...

Touring, \$985; Roadster, \$985; Coupe, \$1525; Sedan \$1575

Prices f. o. b. Toledo subject to change without notice

**Putnam County Overland  
Company**  
**Sherrill & Sherrill**

GREENCASTLE

CLOVERDALE

### STATE HIGHWAY COMMISSION

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received by the Director of the State Highway Commission at the office of the State Highway Commission in the State House, City of Indianapolis, Indiana until 10:00 A. M., on the 24th day of August, 1920, for the construction of certain state highways and described as follows:

F. A. No. 6, Section B. Location, National Road, Clay and Putnam Counties, Brazil to Manhattan, length, 9.498.

F. A. No. 6, Section C. Location, National Road, Putnam County, Manhattan to one and one half miles East of Mt. Meridian. Length 10.994.

Proposal blanks and specifications may be obtained free and plans upon payment of \$5.00 per set, upon application to the State Highway Commission, Indianapolis. No refund for plans returned. Plans may be seen at the office of the State Highway Commission, Indianapolis.

Bids will be received for grading and culvert work as described in the specifications aforesaid. Contracts will be let to the lowest and best bidder, but the right is reserved to reject any and all bids if any cause exists therefor. Bidders shall file bonds with the bids as provided by law.

L. H. WRIGHT, Director.

24th Aug. 1920

## PESKY BED BUGS

Bedbug (Cimex lectularius). The origin of the name bedbug is unknown but is supposed to be naturally suggested as it is descriptive. There are many local names for these parasites, as for illustration, around Boston they are called "Cinches," from Baltimore comes the name "Mahogany Flat," in New York they are styled as "Red Coats," around Pittsburgh they are called "Pesky Devils," in Cincinnati and the South "Night Riders," in St. Louis and Chicago district "Crimson Ramblers," the great West "Pilgrims." The old saying, "the bedbugs have no teeth but they get there just the same," is correct. Instead of teeth they possess a piercing and sucking beak to draw and rob you of your blood for their own body.

Bedbugs, no matter what you may call them, or where they came from, science has found a way to get rid of them if you will use faithfully the chemical Pesky Devils Quiescent "P. D. Q." A 35c package makes one quart, enough to kill a million bedbugs, roaches, fleas, ants or cooties, and their eggs as well. P. D. Q. will not injure bedding, and each package contains a patent spout to enable you to get them in the hard-to-get-at places. Impossible for Pesky Devils to exist where P. D. Q. is used.

Sold by R. P. Mullins Drug Store.

### UNTANGLED

By W. A. PEACH.

(C. 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

It was lunch hour in the restaurant run by the big mail order firm for the use of its employees. The girls were seated about, talking or reading. Ruth was the only one to whom no young man of the many men in the great building had seemed to turn an interested eye—that is, no man of the kind she wanted to know.

The girls had joked her about the situation so much that when Mary Kennedy had come to her and showed her a picture of a whimsical masculine face, handsome in a clean, pleasant fashion, and told her that he came from her town upstate, she had said glibly:

"Oh, yes, I know him; he's an old friend of mine."

And she did not know him from Adam!

"You do?" said Mary. "Well, that is fine. He is a friend of Fred's and is coming in on the evening train—just in time to go to the dance; and you can take care of him. All the other girls are tied up."

And Mary, walking gayly away, had announced to the gathered girls that at last Ruth was to have a beau.

Thinking it over in her room, Ruth felt tears come to her eyes; but with a glance at the clock started her into action. She got out the simple dress that was her sole evening gown, and with unwilling fingers prepared herself for her ordeal.

She went alone to the hall where the girls were giving the dance—a little, lonely, and somewhat pathetic figure. She was welcomed with smiles and questions. "Is he good looking?" "May I see the snapshot?" "Is he an old flame of yours?" and similar queries were asked her. She forced herself to smile in a tantalizing way, but her heart was not as gay as her smile.

The dance began, and to her surprise she found she was asked to dance more than ever before. She wondered why.

The fateful hand moved around on the big hall clock to the train time, then to a little after. Perhaps, he would not come; and she prayed that her hope might be true. She had about reached the conclusion he had not when a slight confusion at the door drew her attention, and she saw Mary bearing down upon her.

"Ruth, he's come and waiting. As long as you know him, just get him and give him a good time," Mary said. "This is my favorite dance."

Setting her will to the effort, she went down the hall and up to a tall young fellow who was watching her with an odd expression on his face.

She stopped before him, panic-stricken until she saw the brown, friendly eyes looking down at her. She held out her hand and he took it in a close, friendly grasp.

"Mary had just time to say 'Hello! I'll get a friend of yours—an old one! Are you the one? I hope so," he added.

It was enough. Forgetting that he still held her hand, she blurted out the whole miserable story. He listened soberly—she was a bit frightened at that—and then spoke the words that brought some peace to her stormy heart.

"We ought to be old friends if we aren't. Let's dance. That music is great," he said smiling.

She drew a long breath and swung with him into the dance.

Four hours later it was a tired but supremely happy little girl that crept into the small bed in the hall room, after a long examination at the mirror and the old verdict, "What a homely pug nose! If I could get rid of that! Never mind—I have had one good time that no man can ever, ever take away from me!"

At the office the next day, she was the subject of much interest. But she parried all comments that were suggestive. "He goes home today," she said quietly.

But he did not. She was called to the telephone at noon, and his pleasant voice asked her to promise the evening to him. In a voice that must have been faint to him, she agreed.

Then the wonder days began—golden, glorious days when hearts are finding their way to each other in a union that even death, supreme over all else, can never sunder.

And then came the last evening. They were alone in the little reception room. He was standing and saying simply: "I must go tomorrow. Before I go, Ruth, I want to know something; can you grow to love me while I am away?"

She could not find the words though her lips moved. The keen, searching strength came into his eyes. Suddenly, something strong and steady went about her, and from his shoulder she was looking up.

"But nobody ever loved me!" she whispered, dazed and confused, and shaken by what had entered her life with overwhelming force. "Just see my homely nose and my—"

Something gentle and kind burned softly in eyes above hers. "And my dark, pretty hair and—little girl, there are all kinds of flowers; the one I love is the simple rose that used to grow in my mother's garden; you are it! As for that nose—"

His gentle hand tipped her face, and he inspected the turned-up nose critically. "I like it, but most of all I love the girl who hates it!"

And then he kissed the lips beneath it.

### SILAS' MEMORIAL

By MARJORIE PIERCE.

(C. 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Susan Deborah Mills Fisher Trent was exceedingly proud of her new husband, her third, as her name attested. She was a middle-aged woman, tall, thin, shrill of voice and scant of hair. What little of woman's crowning glory she did possess she drew to a tight little knob at the back of her narrow head. She knew all there was to be known about men, according to her own judgment, and felt that at last she had chosen aright.

The poor deceased Mr. Mills had been a young, rather good-looking fellow when Susan wedded him. That was when Susan was also young and her hair was not drawn so tightly back from her thin face. Mr. Fisher had been an older man, perhaps forty-five. Susan had ensnared him in the gooey net of a lemon pie when she was running a boarding house at Green Hill. Fisher simply could not resist Susan's lemon pies, and when Susan threatened to depart for Howe's Center to work at the hotel, Fisher decided that the wisest course for him to take was to marry Susan and the lemon pies, which he did forthwith.

Perhaps the pies shortened Fisher's mortal coil. At any rate, Susan was soon ready for a third attempt at matrimony. She did not even feign love to Mr. Trent. He needed a housekeeper and she needed a home. Thus the two were married.

Silas Trent was about sixty years old, slim like Susan, and somewhat bent from long hours of hoeing and weeding. He chewed tobacco and smoked. Susan did not know that he chewed, which fact only goes to show that even a woman of Mrs. Mills Fisher Trent's experience does not know all there is to be known about men. She did know that he smoked, but never was the "filthy odor" of tobacco smoke to be found in the farmhouse. Poor Silas smoked in the vast out-of-doors, and only the pure mountain air was tainted.

He was afraid of his wife, not of her physical person as a whole, but he was desperately afraid of her tongue, and she made his life at home very unhappy. He was glad to escape, if possible, for a short holiday.

After about six months of married life Mr. Trent decided that he was due for a holiday and, as the circus was to visit the adjoining town, he harnessed up the colt and went to the "show."

At the circus Silas enjoyed his freedom to his heart's content.

There was a refreshment booth at the circus, so he betook himself inside and ordered a supper consisting of "hot dogs" and a glass of pink lemonade. When the frankfurters and lemonade had disappeared Silas was still hungry and thirsty, so a second order of three "hot dogs" and a pink lemonade followed the first and finally a third took the same trail. Silas was at last "refreshed" and he started home to Susan.

On the way he felt rather sick. When he arrived home he felt sicker, and soon Susan in terror called the doctor, for Silas was writhing and groaning in agony. Pains seemed to be in every part of his poor thin body at the same instant.

The doctor arrived, but Silas died. Even a doctor could not overcome nine hot dogs attacking at once.

Susan was, to all appearances, stunned by grief. How she mourned! Black crepe was not enough. Tears continually drowned her eyes till after Silas was buried. She talked of what a great love had been taken from her, and as proof of her loyalty to his memory she showed her friends a small box in which, she explained, she had placed a "memorial" of her poor dear husband. This box she wore suspended from a cord around her scrawny neck, and tucked carefully under her black alpaca waist.

All the countryside was interested in that "memorial." Everyone was curious. What could old Mrs. Trent be wearing in that box as a remembrance of her departed third?

And so on ran the rumors. The newspapers in the nearest city heard of "Mr. Trent's memorial," and reporters, eager for copy, rushed to Susan's humble cottage for information. They returned with snapshots of the much discussed box, but no information as to its contents.

No one was able to satisfy his ever increasing curiosity, and so the box with its "memorial" was the wonder and mystery of the village until the day on which Susan Deborah Mills-Fisher-Trent revealed its secret.

It was not many moons after Silas Trent's death that Susan was sorely stricken with a toothache. She hastened to a dentist. She had only seven of her own teeth in her mouth, and he advised her extraction. Susan at first objected. She claimed that she was minus the necessary funds for the purchase of a set of the manufactured variety. She was about to leave the office when suddenly she stopped, fumbled at the front of her waist and produced the box in which was known to be the "memorial" of Silas Trent. Turning to the dentist she handed him the box which she had loosened from the cord, and in a matter-of-fact tone said:

"Land sakes, I clean forgot that 'memorial.' I saved them old teeth of Silas' a-purpose to have 'em made over some day if I ever had need of 'em." Thus was the "memorial" mystery solved.

### Keeps Old Violin.

San Antonio, Tex.—An ancient violin is owned by A. L. Campbell, which is kept with the records of the court in the safety vault. The instrument has that mellowness of tone which only age gives the violin. The lineage of this antique is thus traced by Mr. Campbell: "I bought it about 15 years ago from an old Italian, who had played on it for 15 years. He in turn received it from a German boy in Galveston, in whose family it was an heirloom." In the interior of the instrument is barely visible in old German type the following: "Josef Klotz, Mittenwalde in anno 1795, Germany."

**Rapid Wireless Transmission**  
Recent long-range telegraph experiments which have been made between Great Britain and the occupied part of Germany, indicate that in a short time it may be possible to transmit messages at the rate of 150 words per minute. It is stated that experiments in wireless telegraphy by officers employed at the signals experimental establishment at Woolwich have succeeded in transmitting messages over considerable distances at the speed of 100 words a minute and that much greater speeds have been proved to be attainable.

## Our Trade Day Special

Saturday, August 21

Wax Top Tin Cans - 55c per doz

We Have a Complete Line of Fruit Jars at the Following Prices

Ball Mason Pint Glass Jars	75c per doz.
Ball Mason Quart Glass Jars	80c per doz.
Ball Ideal Mason Pint Glass Jars with Glass Lid	90c per doz.
Ball Ideal Mason Quart Glass Jars with Glass Lid	95c per doz.
Ball Ideal Mason Half Gallon Glass Jar with Lid	1.20 per doz.

## HURST & CO.

GREENCASTLE'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE

A Good Place to Buy Everything

## Thursday, Friday and Saturday

Pure Cane Granulated Sugar - 19c

Fancy Large White Potatoes 15 lb.	75c
Sweet Potatoes per lb.	.30c
Sugar Cured Bacon	.35c
Sugar Cured Bacon	.40c
Sugar Cured Pig Bacon	.45c
Hams 8 to 10 lb. per lb.	.25c
Sugar Cured Bacon squares lb.	.25c
Van Camp's Milk Tall Cans 2 for	25c
Van Camp's Milk Small Cans 2 for	12c
Borden's Milk, Tall Cans 2 for	25c
Borden's Milk, Small cans 2 for	12c
Caroline Milk, Tall cans 2 for	25c
Caroline Milk, Small cans 2 for	12c
Farmer's Pride Coffee	.35c
Crystal Coffee	.30c
Battle Ship Coffee per lb.	.42c
Golden Sun Coffee per lb.	.42c
Silver Sea Coffee per lb.	.42c
Home Drink, Coffee per lb.	.42c
Arbuckle's Coffee, per lb.	.42c
Monarch Coffee, per lb.	.42c
Old Coney Coffee per lb.	.35c
Kant Be Beat Coffee, per lb.	.35c

## S.I.D. EARLY Cash Only

South Greencastle, Corner Main and Broadway  
PHONE 423  
Orders Over \$1. Delivered Phone Your Order Early

## High School Auditorium

Saturday, August 21

A few years ago a reporter on the Courier-Journal, Charles Neville Buck, wrote a most fascinating story of life in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky. This story

**When Bear Cat Went Dry**  
will be told through pictures at the High School Auditorium.

**Chaplin Comedy "Tough Luck"**

Two Shows Beginning at 7:00 o'clock  
Admission :: :: :: 15c